

AGED MILLIONAIRE ON CRUTCHES GETS LICENSE

George Henry Hughes of No. 20 Fifth Avenue Hobble, Unassisted by Bride-to-Be.

MARRIAGE ON APRIL 19.

Housekeeper Introduced Cathleen Douglas to the Oilcloth Maker Two Months Ago.

From a big, glittering limousine car, driven by a chauffeur in livery, that drew up at the curb on the Park Row side of City Hall Park at 11 o'clock today there alighted two richly dressed women and a feeble old man carrying a crutch and a cane. The chauffeur helped the old man to the sidewalk and headed him toward the City Hall, in which direction the two women had already started.

Although the women walked slowly, they gained on their elderly companion. With a crutch under his right arm and a cane in his left hand, the old man was wavering and apparently painful. By the time the women reached the City Hall they were fifty feet ahead of him.

They entered the basement on the Park Row side, next to the police station, and proceeded the length of the long, dark corridor to the marriage license bureau at the Broadway end. At the door of the marriage license bureau they waited for the old man as he came shuffling through the dim light from the remote easterly entrance.

Old Man Wanted License.
As the old man reached the women, they entered the marriage license bureau, he following. One of the women, who seemed to be about forty years old, asked for information about obtaining a license. The party was directed to the clerk's desk where it was found that the old man wanted a license to wed the younger of the two women.

He said he was George Henry Hughes of No. 20 Fifth Avenue. The clerk asked him his age.

"Over sixty-five," replied the prospective bridegroom.

The bride-to-be gave the name of Cathleen Douglas. She said she lived in summer at Croton Falls and in winter at the Hotel Bristol, No. 122 West Forty-ninth street.

Mr. Hughes gave his birthplace as Nottingham, England. Miss Douglas was born in the United States. Her father was John Pett Douglas and her mother Henrietta Hughes.

In the application blank, which had been filled out in advance, the date of the wedding was given as April 19.

Thomas B. Leeds, a lawyer, of No. 11 Broadway, procured the application blank at the Marriage License Bureau two or three days ago. He says he was asked to perform this task by Mr. Hughes.

While the license blank was being filled out the younger woman found need for a pencil. She opened a reticule stuffed with bills, and not finding a pencil spoke to her companion, who also displayed a profusion of bills as she opened her handbag.

"Uncle George," says Dollar.
The license having been completed and the aged man and Miss Douglas having duly signed their names the clerk asked for a dollar.

"Come, Uncle George," said the leader of the women briskly, "give me a dollar."

The woman took the license while the old man, laboriously shifting his cane and his crutch, reconstructed a dollar from his apparel and passed it across the desk. The women were at the door, leaving the room when he started out.

In leaving the building the women used the basement exit on the Broadway side and turned to the left, the road place in front of the City Hall, on reaching the plaza and turning to the east the younger woman glanced back and saw her husband-to-be struggling up the steps from the basement door. When he reached the plaza and started toward Park Row the women were 200 feet in front of him.

Chauffeur Held Him.
In the meantime a traffic policeman had moved the automobile along Park Row out of the way of traffic. The older woman went to look for it and the younger walked up and down and waited for Mr. Hughes. When the car arrived, the women got in, the chauffeur helped the old man to follow and on the party departed.

Mr. Hughes is seventy-nine years old. He is Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company at No. 22 Broadway and several times a millionaire. For the past fifty years he has been in the oil business in this city, selling out the Hughes Oil Cloth Company to the Oil Cloth Trust several years ago.

Mrs. Daniel L. Chamberlain, who described herself as Miss Douglas's guardian, was found this afternoon at the Hotel Bristol. She said Miss Douglas came from Jefferson County, where her father was formerly a wealthy land owner. Both her parents are dead. Her brother, C. N. Douglas of Albany, formerly State Senator from Albany County, is married to a sister of the wife of Gov. Dix. Miss Douglas, according to Mrs. Chamberlain, does some writing for magazines.

From one of the persons with Mr. Hughes's affairs it was learned this afternoon that the elderly millionaire first met Miss Douglas about two months ago. He was introduced to her by his housekeeper, Mrs. Richardson, who was subsequently learned, was the companion of Mr. Hughes and Miss Douglas when they got the marriage license today.

Lost His Punctuality.
The first intimation Mr. Hughes's business associates and employees had that he was interested in anything outside his business duties was when he

HOLD UP "L" TRAIN WHILE BABY'S BORN IN A CAR

Police Called In to Quell Excitement Caused by Over-Anxious Husband.

THE GIRL NOT WITH HIM.

He Lost Presidency of Steamship Company for Love of 17-Year-Old Affinity.

Leat, Franks was sitting at the desk of the East Fifty-first street station at 1 o'clock this morning, as wide awake as a policeman is apt to be at that hour, when he was startled by shrill shrieks from the whistle of an elevated train in Third Avenue.

"Send in McCoy and McCauley!" shouted Franks to the doorman. "There's trouble on the elevated."

McCoy is a married man. Franks was glad of that afterward. The two started on a dog trot for the Fifty-third street "L" station. On their way they met a wild-eyed ticket chopper, who could only gasp:

"Ambulance—quick! Get it!"

McCoy telephoned to Flower Hospital. McCoy, however, was gripping his louche club firmly as he ran. When he arrived gasping for breath at the top of the stairs of the southbound platform of the station he found a number of excited gentlemen running around in circles.

"Are you a married man?" asked one of them. "Thank the Lord! We're all bachelors. Go in there."

He pointed to the door of the car. Inside he found the car occupied by Mrs. Rebecca Horowitz of No. 41 East One Hundred and First street, and, incidentally, by her husband, Jacob, who was in a state of rapture.

"Are you a married man?" asked Mr. Horowitz as soon as he focused the policeman's uniform.

"Sure," said McCoy. "Then quick," said Horowitz, "come here and tell Becky that it's going to be all right and she ain't got nothing to be afraid of. I start downtown with her this morning to get the doctor to tell her that, but there ain't time already. Tell her."

McCoy did. Dr. Crook arrived from the hospital a moment later and took her to Flower Hospital.

Jacob Horowitz is calling there at frequent intervals today, telling cigars for the entire staff and receiving assurances that it is one of the finest boys they ever saw and weighs nine pounds.

He left his family in Englewood and moved with Miss Miller and her mother, who seemed to be in the grasp of the strange situation, to handsome apartments in Harlem. Almost immediately thereafter Mr. Street was operated upon for appendicitis. The conflict between the wife and the girl for the privilege of visiting him at the hospital led to a public exposure of the scandal.

Street was thrown out by the steamship company. Its name was changed and it was later absorbed by the French line. There was a story that Street was paid a large sum to get out. But he showed no concern in the matter.

With Edna Miller and her mother he moved to Jersey City, occupying separate apartments. Within a year after his election from the steamship company he applied for a job as a motor-man to the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. He and an assumed name, but was recognized by Edna Miller. He told a moving story of having been reconciled to his wife and of having closed his friendship with Edna Miller. A job was promised him, but he never appeared to take it. Later his story was found to be untrue.

Then He Disappeared.
Mrs. Street had him arrested for non-support. Some of his former friends went to his relief temporarily and he disappeared. His story of him was that he had gone to Arizona with the Miller girl.

Street's wife and children were left altogether destitute. Her oldest son was at Cornell. She was obliged to face him out of college. A sister helped her support the children until the boys could make a living. Recently Harry and another son went to work with the Madeira Mamore Railroad Company of Brazil, by which they were sent to Brazil.

According to Harry's letters home and his cable he had his father's friends and he reached the town. He said his father told him the Edna Miller part of his life was a closed book and refused to tell him why.

RIDER ALIGHTS IN A SEWER.
Then Sits on Bank Till His Runaway Horse Is Excavated.

Julius R. Schmeitler, of No. 367 Kenmore place, Flatbush, clung to the neck of his runaway horse this afternoon for more than a mile while he looked for a soft place to alight. Out at Coney Avenue the city patrolman supplied the former.

A sealer is being dug along Coney Avenue, and when the flying horse dashed along Ocean Parkway Schmeitler applied the ocean bank of soft earth and decided that opportunity had started to knock.

So when the horse got to the ditch the rider slipped off in the soft earth and lay on his back. Then he waited on the bank to superintend the excavation of the horse, which had gone into the deep ditch head first.

The horse was not with him. The fire wrenched a large automobile delivery truck of a department store today at one Hundred and Thirty-seventh street and St. Nicholas Avenue. When the truck reached the corner there was a slight explosion and flames enveloped the driver's seat. He jumped out after the explosion and stopping the engine.

Dinner to Senator O'Gorman.
A dinner will be given by the Brooklyn Democratic Club in honor of Senator O'Gorman next Monday evening at Democratic headquarters in the Jefferson Building. Gov. Dix has been invited.

Fire Wrecks Auto Truck.
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Shot at Diaz's Agent in Frisco.
SAN FRANCISCO, April 15.—The Mexican revolution was carried to the streets of San Francisco last night as an attempt to assassinate Carlos de la Cruz, agent of President Diaz, commissioned to purchase the formula for an explosive here.

Two shots were fired at Carlos as he was entering his house. He returned the fire, but the assassin escaped.

Carlos began to show irregularity in reaching his home for many years. It had been his custom to sit down at his desk every business day at 10 o'clock in the morning. It is a tradition in the office of the Standard Oil Cloth Company that the employees used to set their watches by Mr. Hughes's arrival.

Naturally, when he began to show up at 10 o'clock, then at 11 o'clock, and finally set to depending only a few minutes at his desk, there was a great deal of comment in the office. Some of his old partners started an investigation and found that he was a daily caller on Miss Douglas at the Bristol.

These old partners held a consultation and decided to send for Mr. Hughes's relative in the United States, a nephew who lives in Chicago. The nephew came on and advised his uncle against getting married.

"Caroline was my first love," Mr. Hughes told the nephew. "It was a tale and heavy as when I was fifty years old."

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RUNAWAY FATHER DIES WHEN FOUND BY SON IN BRAZIL

James Street Left Wife and Children for Stenographer Eleven Years Ago.

THE GIRL NOT WITH HIM.

He Lost Presidency of Steamship Company for Love of 17-Year-Old Affinity.

James Street, who eleven years ago scandalized his Wall Street associates by deserting his wife and six children for a seventeen-year-old stenographer, is reported dead. His son Harry has called to his mother that he found his father dying a few weeks ago at Porto Velho, Brazil, and that he died in his care Monday.

The meeting was accidental. Street's family had no idea he was in South America. Edna Miller, the pretty girl for whom he abandoned his family, was not with him. If the Streets know where she is they will not tell.

Edna Miller was the daughter of William Turnbull Miller of Palisade Park, N. Y. After his death in 1904 she learned stenography to help her mother. She traveled to and from the city on the same route and at the same time as Street.

Street had inherited a fortune. He was a particularly able steamship man. He was selected by the Morgan interests to form a new French line of freight-carrying steamships. It was called the Street Steamship Company and he was made president of it with a big salary and a considerable stock interest.

Told Wife He Loved Girl.
Mrs. Street, who was a niece of the late Senator Henry Gassaway Davis of West Virginia, father-in-law of the late Senator Elihu Root, was in the grasp of the strange situation, to handsome apartments in Harlem. Almost immediately thereafter Mr. Street was operated upon for appendicitis. The conflict between the wife and the girl for the privilege of visiting him at the hospital led to a public exposure of the scandal.

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American Actress Bride of Prince

Weather Man Hedges a Little and Says "Afternoon, Anyway."

\$1,000,000 IN FLOWERS.

New York's Demand for Potted Plants Never Was So Great.



LONDON, April 15.—Ola Humphrey, an American actress, and Prince Ibrahim Hassan, a cousin of the Khedive of Egypt, were married at the Registry Office in London today. The bridegroom is described as a bachelor, aged thirty-two, and a Prince of the Ottoman Empire. Miss Ola Humphrey is a California

girl, who was at one time with the company of E. H. Southern. She went to Australia in 1904 and made a decided success there in a production of "The Squaw Man." In 1906 Miss Humphrey went to England, where she remained until the last part of last winter. She appeared for some time with great success in a translation of a French play, "I Dine with My Mother."

standing on the boundary in case of an attack. Douglas is crowded with Americans who have come in from all points of the southwest.

MEXICAN FIGHTING NOW NEAR JUAREZ.
EL PASO, TEX., April 15.—An engagement between 100 Federal cavalry, under Lieut. Angel Jimenez and 200 insurgents at Baudine, fifteen miles south of Juarez, was in progress today, according to reports by couriers reaching Juarez.

The Federals sallied forth from Navajo's camp outside of Juarez at 9 A. M., but later returned to Navajo that they had been driven back by the insurgents.

EXPLAINS LANDING OF BRITISH MARINES.
SAN DIEGO, April 15.—"A big fuss over nothing," said Capt. Vivian of the British sloop of war Shearwater today when shown a despatch from London stating that he had made no report to the British Admiralty regarding telegraphic advice that he had landed a party of British Marines at San Quentin in Mexican territory.

"I regard the affair as too insignificant to warrant calling a report," he stated. "I have prepared and forwarded written reports both to London and to the British Embassy in the City of Mexico. It is true that I landed marines at San Quentin. I did so in order to protect the lives and property of British and American subjects. It was last Tuesday that the so-called revolutionists appeared before the town. All the Mexican officials fled, leaving the place at the mercy of the invading force."

"F. Kersey, a British subject, manager of the Mexican Land and Colonization Company, and H. V. Cannon, an American subject and go ashore. He asked me to send ashore an armed force in order to preserve the peace and to see that no property of theirs would be destroyed. I ordered my marines to take a few hundred dollars ashore. They did so at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. I kept them in the town until 10 o'clock the next morning. At that time there was no appearance of disorder."

WOMAN AVENGER LEADS REBEL FORCE.
AGUA PRIETA, Mex., April 15.—The rebel commander "Red" Lopez, received word today that a large force of revolutionaries was marching to the relief of Agua Prieta from the west under the personal command of Mrs. Talamantes, widow of Col. Talamantes, an insurgent officer, who, with his two sons, was shot by Federal forces when the town of Sahaguna recently captured the town of Sahaguna. As soon as her husband was executed the woman contributed \$25,000 cash to the revolution, and she is now marching to the relief of Agua Prieta with the specific intention of avenging her husband's death.

She and her two daughters personally recruited this force, which is the one of the approaching Agua Prieta. Most of the insurgents in this force are mountaineers, picked by Mrs. Talamantes for their daring and accuracy with the rifle.

COMING BATTLE PERIL TO EL PASO.
EL PASO, TEX., April 15.—With Col. Antonio Robago at the head of a Federal cavalry force said to number from 100 to 1,500 reported advancing from Chihuahua, the insurgents are making every precaution for defense, civilian Juarez today is awaiting the outcome of the battle between the marauding forces. If the insurgents arrive first and attack, it is the opinion they will take Juarez.

On the other hand, should Col. Robago arrive ahead of the rebels, it is predicted the insurgents will be unsuccessful or abandon the attempt without any fighting whatever. If both forces arrive simultaneously, it is expected that one of the fiercest battles of the present revolution will take place and that El Paso will be in more danger than Douglas, Ariz., when Agua Prieta was attacked.

While the question at Juarez is making preparations for defense, the Federal commander, Gen. Navarro, the information as to whether the rebels are near Juarez. However, his men are digging trenches and scanning the surrounding country from house-tops and other vantage points and waiting the arrival of Col. Robago's force.

MISSING TWO MONTHS FOUND IN RIVER.
Phoning in the North River off West Twenty-seventh street, the body of Harry O'Connell, thirty-five years old, of No. 46 West Nineteenth street, was found this morning. The man had been missing since Feb. 4, the day he was last seen. He was wearing a blue suit and a hat. There were no marks of violence on the body.

PERMANENT POSITIONS AT GOOD SALARIES ARE OBTAINED THROUGH

The Chief

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NICE DAY, EASTER, FORECASTER THINKS HE CAN PROMISE

Weather Man Hedges a Little and Says "Afternoon, Anyway."

\$1,000,000 IN FLOWERS.

New York's Demand for Potted Plants Never Was So Great.

A word of hope and a crumb of comfort were held out today by the Weather Man to the million and a half or more of New York women who have fastened all their prospects of happiness on the chance of parading to-morrow in new Easter outfits, and who have seen their chances gradually fading in the bad weather of the past few days.

"All the ladies here to hope," said Forecaster Seay to an Evening World reporter, as he squinted out of his office window on the twentieth floor of No. 100 Broadway at the shifting gray clouds blowing up from the south over the harbor, "although you wouldn't think it to look at that sky. But you can't always tell what's coming in the way of weather by the look of the firmament, and, anyway, the thing to do is to encourage 'em—encourage 'em so they'll go to church, even if the new hat parade doesn't pan out just right!"

He's Optimistic.
"So you just tell 'em," concluded the prophet, "not to be discouraged if the rain comes between now and church time, and not to put their faith's back in the box; that the Weather Man says there is hope and they're pretty sure to be able to show 'em off in the afternoon, anyhow."

Fashionable New York—and some of it that is not so fashionable—was flower-mad today. Every florist shop in town, from the white and gold, marble-lined palaces in miniature on Fifth Avenue to the little basement places on Sixth Avenue, was working a double force of salesmen.

"New York will spend mighty little under \$1,000,000 on flowers this Easter," said a Fifth Avenue florist who has been in business thirty-nine years, "and the sales will be larger than ever before in the history of the business. Why this is so I do not know, unless the taste of the people in flowers is more cultivated and also because the bulk of the goods sold are potted flowers and plants instead of the vast quantities of cut flowers that were sold several years ago."

In few of the Fifth Avenue places today were orders for cut flowers and bouquets taken. The man who wanted to buy a sheaf of roses or a bunch of spring flowers was told that no attention could be given to his order until after midnight. By that time the business of getting out the vast number of orders for potted plants would be well under way and the less remunerative details of sending out cut flowers could be taken up.

Prudent Designs the Rule.
The designs in baskets and pots this year are on a far more pretentious scale than ever before. In one shop on the avenue, which is gaudily painted in white and black and red and speckled with gold, the Easter baskets were baskets of orchids and rare ferns that cost as much as \$20. And some of the plants—all growing—only bore a few blooms and were in baskets no bigger than a quart measure.

A cluster of Cattleya orchids—the beautiful lilac bloom from Brazil—in a little wicker receptacle was considered cheap at \$10 and \$20, and there were varieties of the long trailing white and faintly yellow-tinted orchids arranged with tender drooping ferns that were plenty at \$10 and up.

There were not so many of the old-fashioned Easter lilies, the graceful Aspidistra lily, for one thing, has greatly deteriorated because the growers grow careless and did not keep the varieties separate, and the principal receipts of the trumpet-shaped lilies are from Japan.

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